

THE WINDOW WASHER

By Victor Redcliffe

I was a window washer—for one day only. I am partner in the Monarch Engine company, son-in-law to a wealthy man and the husband of the dearest little woman in the world now. How it all came about I will tell you and there will be a sinister shadow of wicked scheming as well as a glamour of rare romance to the narration.

Graduation from an engineering school left me flat as to cash. I started out on my first business experience doing some drafting for a large concern. They removed to another city. I sought another position and was unsuccessful, and, getting desperate, was ready to take up the meanest manual occupation in order to keep from suffering from hunger.

I stood looking speculatively at the man in charge of an office building one afternoon as he bustled about ordering some window awnings put up the next day, when he caught my eye. Perhaps there was an imploring expression in my glance, probably being of wise worldly experience he traced my poverty and guessed at my hunger. At all events he approached me.

"You don't look like the working kind, but maybe you want a job?" he suggested, in a brusque, off-hand way.

"You never saw a man who needed one worse," I replied promptly and with heartiness.

"Ever clean windows?" he propounded next, and his hand directed a gesture taking in the towering expanse of the structure.

"Way up there?" I inquired, and my tones must have faltered and I shuddered.

"Oh, don't let the height trouble you," readily and cheerfully directed the man. "You can't fail. We provide a harness and jacket and you

lock yourself into the jamb slots so securely that horses couldn't pull you off your feet. See here, if you want a three-day job at the regular tariff, \$2.75 a day, come along with me and I'll fit you out. There are two hours to work in and that will mean supper, bed and breakfast. If you're close-pressed for funds I'll



Bang! I Shot Through Space.

help you out with a little advance cash."

It would be hard to describe my sensations when duly jacketed, provided with a scraper, brush and rags and given explicit directions, I stood on a narrow window ledge eight stories up from the ground, dizzily, timorously beginning my work. The first window made me a contortionist. I breathed more easily on the second one. Becoming more habituated to it, I covered a double row of windows down to the fifth story quite